

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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### Review of New Books.

*Remarks on the North of Spain.* By JOHN BRAMSEN, Author of 'Travels in Egypt, Syria, and Greece.' 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1823.

THE late events in Spain have really made us hesitate whether we should blot her out of our maps of Europe, or allow her one chance more of redeeming her character. Early history and romance have painted the Spaniards as a high-minded chivalrous people, reckless of life, but jealous of their honour. Were this really their character, and we believe it was, we cannot but exclaim, in the language of Scripture 'how are the mighty fallen! How is the fine gold changed!' Instead of men of honour and spirit, we now find the great mass of the people lethargic, and without a single feeling that would do honour to them as men or Spaniards,—their nobles a servile race,—the generals of the army a set of traitors, who are anxious only to secure themselves and the wealth they have obtained,—wretches, who sell their own honour and the independence of their country, without money and without price;—the soldiers, with the exception of a few officers, alone have displayed honour or bravery, and were it not for the sake of the principle to be maintained or sacrificed, no man of common sense would care one farthing about Spain. Indeed, what should we care for any country, with twelve millions of inhabitants, that suffers itself to be over-run by some 75,000 men; and yet this is the case with Spain, whose sovereign is a treacherous tyrant, and whose government is feeble and obstinate. That there are some exceptions to this sweeping condemnation of the Spaniards we will admit. In her Cortes there are several men of honour and true patriots, and, in Catalonia, the national honour and the national cause have been nobly sustained by the redoubtable Mina and his gallant companions in arms, but the national spirit is sunk so low, that invasion, defeat, and dishonour will not rouse it; and the march of the French army, from the

Pyrennees to the gates of Cadiz, has been but a military promenade. Whether the government, driven to its last hold, may do any thing worthy of itself and of Spain, or treachery may defeat their intentions, a little time will determine; but, certainly, Spain has hitherto sadly disappointed all her friends, and has much to do to redeem her character among the nations of Europe.

But dishonoured and degraded as Spain has become, during the last six months, yet, in these piping times of peace, a war any where is a novelty, and excites interest; and hence public attention has been a good deal directed toward the Peninsula—and, as a necessary consequence, several works have appeared on the subject. Those of Blaquier and Count Pecchio, with that admirable and elegant work, 'Doblado's Letters,' we have already noticed, and we have now a light and pleasing volume from Mr. Bramsen the traveller, who visited Spain last autumn.

Mr. Bramsen does not enter into any examination, or even statement of the political situation or character of Spain, except in what he calls his 'conclusive remarks,' where he tells us that the constitutional cause finds but few partisans in the villages and small towns of the north of Spain, where ignorance and superstition hold divided empire, and that the nobles differ much in political opinions. But if Mr. Bramsen does not enable us to judge of the political character of Spain, he more than compensates for it, by the lively sketch he presents of the manners of the people and of the state of society, disorganized as it was at the time of his visit by civil war. Mr. Bramsen entered Spain from Bayonne, and proceeded to Irun, of which he gives the following curious particulars:—

'On our arrival at Irun we alighted at the hotel, kept by the postmaster, where, to my no small surprise, I found the stable situate at the very entrance of the hotel; occupying that part of the building which, in England, generally forms the parlour. The dining-room was directly over the stable, and presented no very elegant appearance; as the only furniture it contained consisted

of an old wooden table, a few crazy chairs, and a bed in a recess. The adjoining apartment, which was furnished in an equally splendid manner, had also a bed in it, and was destined for the reception of a select party. Both rooms had large holes in the floor, through which the effluvia of the stable afforded no very agreeable sensation to the olfactory nerves of the visitors.'

'About six in the evening, a person, dressed in plain clothes, followed by two drummers, passed through the street, playing national airs upon a flageolet or pipe, for the purpose of calling the soldiers to parade. After marching up and down several times, they took their station on the parade; but it appeared that the ladies were animated by a more lively spirit of patriotic feeling than the men; as they obtained a far greater number of female than of male recruits.

'The garrison, consisting of about fifty men and a few officers, assembled; but shortly after their arrival, most of them laid down their arms, and joined in the dance with the females. The charm of the national airs fascinated the aged as well as the young; as I observed several women, not less than seventy years of age, with heads as white as the tops of the neighbouring Pyrennees, joined the youthful group in threading the mazes of the fandango. The officers and several of the inhabitants stood by, smoking segars. I saw one officer take a segar from the mouth of a soldier to light his own, and then return it in a most friendly manner.'

On his way to Bilboa, Mr. Bramsen was stopped by two men, who demanded their passports, and, after reading them upside down, begged for money, saying, they were badly paid in the army of the faith. At Bilboa, of which he gives a good account, he visited the barracks, and saw the constitutional soldiers at a dinner, which gives a good idea of their frugal habits:—

'Two soldiers placed several wooden bowls of soup upon the ground, in the walk before the barracks. They were soon after surrounded by a group of their comrades, forming a circle round each bowl. A large wooden spoon was then placed in each, and one soldier after the other stepped gently forward; when, after eating a spoonful of the contents, he replaced the spoon and retired to his former station in the circle. No confusion existed, no oath was uttered, no fighting ensued; they all appeared pleased and satisfied, partaking of the contents of



the bowl in harmony. Soon after, each took a segar from his pocket, lighted it, gave one to those of their comrades who had none, and sat quietly on the benches conversing in a friendly manner.'

A remarkable anecdote is related, in this part of Spain, of a young English traveller who was going in a stage, from Irun to Madrid, when it was stopped by robbers:—

'All the passengers were tied to trees. While they were plundering the stage, the English traveller requested the robbers to do him the favour to untie his hands; which they did; when he drew from his pocket a book and pencil, and began sketching the confused scene before him, to the no small astonishment of the robbers, who, observing his skill, untied him altogether, in order to afford him greater liberty for executing his ingenious undertaking.'

A parish officer, who belonged to the party of soldiers that entered the building of the inquisition, at Madrid, furnished our traveller with the following account of this horrible tribunal, which the factious are so anxious to re-establish in Spain:—

'The soldiers, after searching the apartments, entered some cellars, where day light had never, or but faintly, been admitted. There they found human beings, more like skeletons, who had for many years been invoking death to put an end to their sufferings. They had been accused of crimes entirely unknown to them. The soldiers found many human bones of other unhappy beings, who had been sacrificed in this Tartarean abode; and where the prerogative of the king could not extend to protect them, nor justice interfere. The officer informed me, that many foreigners had suddenly disappeared, and had never been heard of afterwards. Every one was fearful of enquiring about the fate of any of his friends, who might have disappeared, lest he should meet a similar fate. Age, sex, or wealth, claimed no exemption from the effects of this infernal power. Here the officer became animated, and continued with energy: "Religion alone is not the pretext for their displeasure and persecution; private hatred, jealousy, or a thirst for revenge, have furnished reasons for the exercise of their demoniacal vengeance."

'I repeatedly interrupted the narrative of the speaker, manifesting some doubts of the accuracy of his statement, particularly as far as regarded the accounts he had heard of the tortures, which had been inflicted by this tribunal, which would draw tears from the most inveterate tyrant, and can hardly, one would suppose, be a true description of any punishment decreed in the present century.

'Some of the tortures alluded to, were, according to his narrative, as follows: the victim was fastened on large planks with iron hooks, and was compelled to swallow, through pipes, great quantities of water. In

the mean time they placed on his stomach heavy burdens, some of them as heavy as five hundred weight. Others had their heads shaved, were chained to the walls, and cold water dripped in drops upon their heads. "This," exclaimed the officer, "must fill every human being with horror, when he reflects that such cruelty could be tolerated in the present enlightened age, and practised, too, in the name and under the sanction of religion!"'

From Bilboa, Mr. Bramsen proceeded to Orduna and Vittoria, where he visited the national theatre, which is small but neatly constructed:—

'The interior corresponds with the chaste appearance of the exterior; it has two tiers of boxes, a gallery, a parquet, and a pit: most of the audience were of the military, yet the pit contained a motley mixture of different dresses and fashions. The seats in the parquet are marked and bespoken, so that the visitor is sure of his place, however late he may arrive. The noise in the pit was insupportable, and the effluvia of garlic absolutely obnoxious; many persons during the performance sat with small round hats on their heads, and large brown cloaks wrapped round them. Their appearance was by no means prepossessing to any one, who regarded their sickly faces and forbidding features, the sombre appearance of which was greatly heightened by their dark beards.

'Both tiers of boxes were occupied by ladies, who, I understood, retained them by subscription. They appeared to follow their French neighbours in the fashions of their dress, notwithstanding their avowed national antipathy to French innovations. A tragedy was performed, in which were some passages alluding to liberty and the downfall of tyranny. These were received by the audience with shouts of applause; but when a sentence, the purport of which was "down with the slavery of the citizens" was uttered, their rapture was carried to its highest pitch, and could only be silenced by the bursting forth of some national airs, which at once delighted them and calmed the ebullitions of their transports. The scenery was well painted, and the colouring vivid and pleasing. I could not help regarding, with great pleasure, one scene, representing a country town, with its surrounding landscape, the features and composition of which were much in the style of *Claude Lorraine*.'

'I visited the spot, which is consecrated by the victory, obtained in 1813, by the English and Spanish forces, under the immortal Duke of Wellington, over the French army commanded by Jerome Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan. To my great surprise, I found nothing but barren mountains, a true symbol of ingratitude! Not the slightest monument was there, to point out to the traveller, the spot where so many heroes slumber, who fell fighting for the cause of Spain. In vain do the barren mountains silently upbraid the ingratitude of those, whose battle was fought, and whose victory

was won; the action is past and the memory of it in Spain has perished with it. Not so, however, to the world at large; for while the spirit of military glory, and the admiration of heroic achievements, find an echo in the generous breast, the fame of the heroes who repose here, and of those who trod the path of glory with them, shall survive; and the lapse of time, far from weakening the remembrance of their valour, shall consecrate it to the veneration and glory of posterity.

'The consequences of this battle were so fatal to the invading army, that the foundation was laid for its ultimate expulsion from Spain; and, perhaps, the answer given by an old statesman to Bonaparte, after the catastrophe of Moscow, might here be well applied. Bonaparte, asking his opinion of the tragic event in that city, the statesman, answered "*Sire, c'est le commencement de la fin*." The keen wit of this politician has not been blunted by age: at the eve of the late hostilities, a council of French ministers was held which lasted three hours. The veteran was met by a French nobleman, who asked him "*Que s'est il passé dans ce conseil?*" He answered dryly, "*Trois heures!*"

Mr. Bramsen is not an Englishman, but he writes the language correctly, and his work, though somewhat superficial and much too dear, is a very pleasing volume.

*A Guide to the Giant's Causeway and the North-East Coast of Antrim.* By the REV. G. N. WRIGHT. Royal 18mo. with Plates and Map. London, 1823.

WE have so rarely found any thing like discrimination or intelligence in those humbler topographical works, purporting to be local 'Guides' to particular places,—the style of them is in general so barbarous and uncouth, the 'embellishments' so wretched and contemptible, the information so common-place and jejune, the commendations with which they abound, so unqualified and so drivelling,—that we should almost as soon think of taking up a road-book for our entertainment as one of these publications. The present work, however, though bearing the modest designation of 'Guide,' and though presented to the public in an unostentatious and cheap, but elegant form, is of a very superior nature. The preceding publications of the same author, on Dublin, Killarney, and Wicklow, all of which are uniform in size and embellishments with the present volume, have been favourably received by the public, and exhibit, to great advantage, Mr. Wright's talents as a local historian, and as one qualified to appreciate the beautiful scenery of his native island.



Such is the interest which he uniformly imparts to a species of writing, in which it requires no little skill to avoid dullness,—and so varied and forcible are his descriptions, that the work cannot fail of being perused with much pleasure, even by those who have never visited the scenes themselves. Nor has the pencil of Mr. Petrie been less successful, in rendering these works worthy of a permanent situation in the library of the topographer, or of the man of taste.

In order to convince our readers that these commendations are not unmerited, we shall proceed to make a few extracts from the volume before us; and, in doing this, we shall endeavour to select such passages as may best exhibit the varied information it supplies.

It will readily be conceived, that, in a country like Ireland, many singular legends are still current among the peasantry. Mr. Wright has noticed one of these\*, which cannot fail to be acceptable to those who are studious of such lore. The following is a tradition of this kind:—

‘Proceeding upon the old road to Larne, the common and racing ground, an uncultivated tract, are passed, and on the right lies the elevated lake of Lough-morne. This sheet of water occupies the summit of an eminence five hundred feet above the level of the sea: it must be supplied by its own internal resources, as it is above the springs of the neighbouring rivulets, and from it issues a stream which turns a cotton-mill; its banks are uncultivated and unplanted, and it is probably about one mile in diameter. From its great elevation, it is not likely that its banks will be chosen as the site of future demesnes; and, perhaps, it is impossible to conceive any body of water more opportunely disposed, or affording greater facilities for draining. The only fish taken here are pike and eels; but in winter it is frequented by great quantities of wild-fowl.

‘The name Lough-morne is probably a corruption of Lough-more, the great lake; but the ingenious author of the History of Carrick-Fergus has added the following fabulous derivation, which is preserved by the neighbouring peasantry:—This place was once a large town, when, one evening, an aged mendicant came to seek for lodging, which, being refused, he exclaimed, “although it is now a town, yet shall it be a *lough ere morn*.” Immediately he left the town, and withdrew to an adjacent hill; upon which, the ground began to sink: eels are said to have risen about the hearth-stones, and ultimately the whole town sunk into the abyss, and the water rolled in over it; from which time, says the legend, it has been called Lough-morne.’

Where the features of nature are so

\* In his ‘Guide to the County of Wicklow,’ in particular, are some very curious particulars relative to St. Kevin and the fair Cathleen.

impressive and so wild, and man himself, the untutored child of feeling, we must not be surprised at finding some tale attached to every remarkable object, and powers sometimes imputed to them bordering upon the supernatural. Of this we have an instance, in the mysterious virtue ascribed to some cromlechs on Island Magee:—

‘Not far from the landing place stands a druidical cromlech. The covering stone, which rests on three supporters, is six feet in length, and of a triangular shape; its inclination is to the rising sun. There are two more cromlechs to the south of the peninsula, but not easily detected by a stranger. On the east of Brown’s Bay is a rocking stone, or giant’s cradle, which was said to acquire a rocking tremulous motion at the approach of sinners or malefactors: there were many of these scattered over the face of the kingdom, but they are now dislodged in most places, so that the few which remain are more interesting curiosities. They were so ingeniously poised, that the slightest impulse was capable of rocking a mass which the greatest strength was unable to dislodge; nor does there appear to be any contrivance adopted but the circumstance of placing the stone upon its rude pedestal. Until a very late period, Island Magee was the residence of witches and the theatre of sorcery: in 1711, eight females were tried upon this extraordinary charge in Carrick-Fergus, and the memory of Fairy Brown is still a cause of terror in this credulous peninsula.

‘About two miles farther, on the eastern coast, and beyond Portmuck, are the stupendous basaltic cliffs, called the gobbins, which extend as far as Black-cave Head, and are upwards of two hundred feet in height. Upon the 8th of January, 1642, a party of soldiers from Carrick-Fergus Castle, then under the command of Muuro, a Scotch puritan, is said to have sallied forth from the garrison to this peninsula, and to have barbarously massacred, in cold blood, thirty persons, Roman Catholics, then residing upon the peninsula: this act of atrocity was committed in retaliation for some outrage previously wreaked upon those of their own party. After deliberately putting those wretched victims of their revenge to a cruel death, they are supposed to have thrown their bodies over the gobbins into the sea:—

“Now, to the heughs of black polluted shade,  
He sees the fierce Monro, with gory blade,  
Sweep like a driving flame before the wind,  
And headlong hurl the poor defenceless hind.”

DRUMMOND.

‘This melancholy and much-to-be-regretted occurrence has both unintentionally and inadvertently been misrepresented, through the prejudice of one party and the ignorance of another; but, fortunately, the depositions of the relatives and friends of the deceased, preserved in the MS. room of the library of Trinity College, Dublin, contain the refutation of the partial, and the correction of the ignorant historian. At Portmuck are the ruins of an ancient castle; and to the south of the gobbins stands Castle Chiches-

ter, one of the holds of the Earl of Donegall, very boldly and beautifully situated. There are two religious establishments mentioned in the Monasticon as existing formerly in this place, viz. Kill-Keran or Doran, and White-Kirk. The former appears to have been a place of some consequence, as a sanctuary; for Murtagh M<sup>an</sup>ullowe, the last abbot of Kells, in the county of Antrim, retired there after the surrender of his abbey, A. D. 1542. But all the church lands of Island Magee did not pertain to the religious houses existing there; for we find that the tithes of two town-lands on the island, viz. Ballypor Magna and Ballypor Parva were the property of the Abbey of Woodburn, near Carrick-Fergus.

‘At the west end of the peninsula is a small rivulet, called Slaughter-ford, in commemoration of the miserable event of 1642, which is said to have begun here: a hill near this, on the top of which is seen the round tower of a light-house, is denominated Murder-slay, from the same circumstance.

‘Beneath the gobbins are several small caves, now used as boat-houses; but, in 1798, they were the retreats of out-laws. Along the shore are found large quantities of dullisk, a marine plant, which is an article of some profit at the country fairs. Many sea-fowl nestle in the face of the gobbins, the most remarkable of which, for various reasons, are those called the gobbins-hawks: these are the Irish goss-hawks, so famed in ancient days as being the objects of chace to the nobles of this country and the sister-kingdom. The chief rent paid formerly for Island Magee, was a pair of goss-hawks and a pair of gloves; but the sport of hawking has been long neglected, and a less romantic chiefry required.

‘The *lifting* of hawks, on Midsummer-day, was a scene of gaiety of a very animated description. The hawkers were lowered down the front of the precipice, by a rope fastened round their waists, and having a basket for the young birds slung to their sides. After the baskets were filled, and the hawkers drawn up, the merriment began; dancing, racing, and various rustic sports followed, and the day was spent in a succession of innocent and happy pastimes. The necessity of hawking no longer exists, since the golden commutation has superseded it; but the custom of nest-robbing is still continued, which can only be accomplished in the manner already described.’

But there are other topics which occupy the attention of the writer. Amid the sublime features of the natural scenery of this portion of the sister-island, he has not been unmindful of the more embellished productions of architecture. There are many fine seats scattered about the districts here described, and the account of one now in the progress of building may not be unacceptable to our readers:—

‘The village of Glenarm consists of about two hundred cottages, and appears originally to have been built for the clans-men of the



noble family whose castle stands beyond the river. The castle is a stately, ancient pile, in a commanding position; from one front there is a view of the bay and its inclosing promontories, and from the other a prospect up the wooded glen towards the deer park. The castle is large, and contains some excellent apartments; but its exterior has been much disfigured by injudicious alterations. The taste and judgment, however, of the present proprietor, Edward McDonnell, Esq. will not permit this mansion of the noble family which he represents, to remain in its present unworthy condition; and he is now about to re-build and alter, until it assume the character of a baronial castle of the 15th century: these improvements are to be executed from the designs of the Messrs. R. and L. Morrison, whose abilities in this style of architecture are very conspicuous in their re-edification of Kilruddery House, the seat of the Earl of Meath, in the county of Wicklow. When Mr. Morrison's improvements shall have been completed, the approach to the castle will be by a lofty bar-bican, standing on the northern extremity of the bridge. Passing through this, a long terrace, overhanging the river, and confined on the opposite side by a lofty, embattled curtain-wall, leads through an avenue of ancient lime-trees, to the principal front of the castle; the appearance of which, from this approach, will be very impressive. Lofty towers, terminated with cupolas and gilded vanes, will occupy the angles of the building, the parapets are to be crowned with gables decorated with carved pinnacles, and exhibiting various heraldic ornaments.

'The interior of the castle will correspond, in every way, with the elegance and beauty of the improved elevation.

'The hall is a noble apartment, forty-four feet in length by twenty in breadth, and thirty feet high; in the centre of which stands a handsome billiard table. Across one end passes a gallery, communicating with the bed-chambers, and supported by richly ornamented columns, from the grotesque ornaments of which springs a beautiful groined ceiling.

'On the principal floor are several noble apartments; the dining-parlour, forty feet by twenty-four, and the drawing-room, forty-four by twenty-two, are the most spacious: the small drawing-room, library, &c. though of considerably less dimensions, are most commodious apartments. The demesne of Glenarm is very extensive, and beautifully wooded: it has latterly been much improved, and many obstructions to the view removed. There is also an inclosure in the glen called the Great Deer Park, which is generally supposed to be the most comprehensive park in the kingdom, and the venison fed here the choicest.'

But the description of Fair Head seems, more particularly, to be penned *con amore*, and presents us with a vivid portrait of nature in her sublimest mood.

'Fair Head, or as it is generally and more properly denominated Benmore, *i. e.* the Great Head, is incorrectly stated, by Dr.

Hamilton, to be the Rhobogdium of Ptolemy. It is not the most northern point of Ireland, which certainly was what Ptolemy meant to designate by this name, nor is it so called in any copy whatever of Ptolemy's map. The name Rhobogdium is evidently and unequivocally attributed in the ancient map of this geographer to Malin Head, or Inishowen Head.

'This splendid promontory, whose highest point is 535 feet above the ocean's level, is composed of a body of columnar green-stone, of such colossal dimensions, that its role articulations are not at first very obvious; but upon surveying attentively one of the gigantic columns, the joints and separations are distinctly marked. The whole structure of the promontory consists of two parts; the one, at the sea side, is an inclined plane, strewn with enormous masses of the same stone, in the wildest and most terrific chaos; above this rises the mural precipice of columnar green-stone, 250 feet in height. The scene of ruin at the base of these Titanian pillars is probably not exceeded in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of convulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous debris, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable.

'The scene just now described, is discovered below the feet of the traveller, as he cautiously paces along the brink of the precipice. The surface upon which he treads, upon examination, will be found to consist of a regular pavement, formed of the extremities of enormous prismatic masses, composing the precipice, perfectly denuded and completely level. These prisms vary in form; some are quadrilateral, and appear to be composed of a congeries of smaller prisms, aggregated in such a way, as to suggest very obviously the clustered assemblage of shafts, which occur in the formation of a gothic column. In tracing the summit of this bold head, several natural curiosities are pointed out; the first, to the west, is a fissure in the face of the precipice, called Fhir Leith, or the Gray Man's Path: the entrance to the pass, at the top, is extremely narrow; and formerly, a joint of green-stone, which had fallen across it, formed a sort of natural gate, through which the bold inquirer descended; entering next a gradually expanding passage, which leads to the chaotic heaps, at the base of the great colonnade. The natural architrave has lately fallen down, and quite choked up the passage. There are one or two similar chasms along the summit, which have frequently proved fatal to the cattle left pasturing upon the head-land. There are several places along the brink of the precipice, where the guide directs his followers to lie flat upon the ground, and cast the eye down perpendicu-

larly to the foot of the column, a depth of 250 feet; this can be done in many places without the least danger. Some of the columns are magnetical.'

As a suitable pendant to this grand picture, we shall present our readers with another, which, though of a different character, is equally stupendous and magnificent.

'The first object of curiosity, to which one of the many guides who present themselves generally conducts the visitor, is Port Coon Cave. This magnificent excavation is accessible both by sea and land. In the west side are two apertures by which it can be entered at all times, but the violence of the billows at its mouth sometimes forbids the most adventurous sailor to approach. The cave is of considerable length, and boats may row in, an hundred yards at least. The formation of the interior is very extraordinary, and extremely interesting to the mineralogical tourist: the roof and sides are composed of rounded stones, imbedded in a basaltic paste, of extreme hardness. These stones again are formed of concentric spheres, resembling the pellicles of an onion. The appearance of the cave, viewed from the innermost recess, is not unlike the side aisle of a gothic cathedral, the roof being a tolerably regular pointed arch: the sides appear greasy, and do actually feel so: one of the unbidden attendants, who takes the trouble to accompany the party, is generally provided with a loaded piece, upon the discharge of which, a tremendous reverberation of sound is produced: musical instruments also, when played with judicious management, *i. e.* by allowing a short pause between the succeeding notes, will be found to produce most agreeable echoes. This property of affording musical echoes is also attributed to Fingal's Cave in the Island of Staffa.

'Adjoining this cave is the little inlet called Port Coon, formed by a very remarkable whyndyke; it seems to have been composed of seven walls, and to have been separated from the dyke in front of the precipice, by some great convulsion. In this shock a small pyramidal basaltic rock was detached from the great mass, and stands now insulated in the centre of the small bay. The ruins of the whyndyke are attached to its eastern side, separated into a number of distinct walls, exhibiting their construction by horizontal prisms, and forming, altogether, a very instructive object. Beyond the projecting excavated rock, of which Port Coon Cave is composed, is a second of these whyndykes, being one side of the little estuary of Port Nabau.

'On the west of Port Coon Cave and dyke, in the dark perpendicular cliff, is a deep and lofty cave, accessible by water alone. The entrance assumes the appearance of a pointed arch, and is remarkably regular. The boatmen are very expert in entering these caves; they bring the boat's head right in front, and, watching the roll of the wave, quickly slip the oars, and sail in majestically upon the smooth rolling wave. The depth of Dunkerry Cave has



not been ascertained, for the extremity is so constructed as to render the management of a boat there impracticable and dangerous; besides, from the greasy character of the sides of the cave, the hand cannot be serviceable in forwarding or retarding the boat. Along the sides is a bordering of marine plants, above the surface of the water, of considerable breadth. The roof and sides are clad over with green confervæ, which gives a very rich and beautiful effect: and not the least curious circumstance connected with a visit to this subterranean apartment, is the swelling of the water within. It has been already frequently observed, that the swell of the sea upon this coast is at all times heavy; and as each successive wave rolls into the cave, the surface rises so slowly and awfully, that a nervous person would be apprehensive of a ceaseless increase in the elevation of the waters until they reached the summit of the cave. Of this, however, there is not the most distant cause of apprehension, the roof being sixty feet above the high water mark. The roaring of the waves in the interior is distinctly heard; but no probable conclusion can be arrived at from this as to the depth. It is said, too, that the inhabitants of some cottages a mile removed from the shore, have their slumbers frequently interrupted in the winter's nights, by the subterranean sounds of Dunkerry Cavern.

And here, regardless of the effect it may chance to have upon their nerves, we rather maliciously leave our readers in the lurch, telling them that if they would quit this scene of terrors, and reach the 'Causeway,' that they must now apply to the 'Guide' itself.

*Report on the Present State of the Greek Confederation, and on its Claims to the Support of the Christian World. Read to the Greek Committee on Saturday, Sept. 13, 1823. By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq.*

MR. BLAQUIERE is an intelligent gentleman, who has written one or two rather clever works, which might have been deemed a sufficient recommendation to the Greek Committee to send him to ascertain the real state of Greece; we suspect, however, the public will discover that the choice has not been a very happy one, and that they knew quite as much of the Greek cause before Mr. Blaquiere was sent on his mission as he has told them. What he can tell us, it may, perhaps, hereafter cost us the price of a good octavo to ascertain,—we say perhaps, for we cannot believe that a person of Mr. Blaquiere's talents and observation could visit Greece and learn so little as he has detailed in his Report.

It appears that Mr. Blaquiere left

London on the 4th of March, in company with a Greek agent, M. Luriottis, who had been sent to this country. They landed at Pyrgi, opposite the island of Zante, and the first remarkable thing Mr. B. discovered, was husbandmen and females employed in tillage, and flocks and herds grazing in the plain. He next gives an account of the proceedings of the Greek Congress at Astros, last year, the particulars of which the public learned long ago through the medium of the newspapers. Nor is there more novelty in his account of the origin of the Greek contest, which is well known to have resulted from a long series of cruelties and oppressions on the part of the Turks, hastened by some individual outrages.

We have always felt persuaded that the charges against the Greeks, of cruelty, were somewhat exaggerated, though not wholly untrue; for it is the very nature of the warfare carried on between the Turks and Greeks that it should be sanguinary and ferocious. Tripolizza has often been named as the scene of Greek excesses, and, we believe, with some truth; it was, therefore, with much surprise that we find Mr. Blaquiere asserting, as 'his most firm conviction, that, when all the concomitant circumstances which led to the excesses at Tripolizza are made known, they will appear mild when compared to those committed by the best disciplined and most civilized troops of Europe, in many instances, during the last fifty years.' This is a strong assertion, and no doubt Mr. Blaquiere believes it; but we wish he had furnished us with some data by which we could have judged of the mildness of the Greeks against an enemy that seeks their extermination by fire and sword. Mr. Blaquiere is too general in his statements, and too sweeping in his inferences; and although we will yield to no one in an ardent desire to see the independence of Greece secured, yet we fear her soil will long continue laved with her best blood before this is achieved.

We agree heartily with Mr. Blaquiere that the Greeks have a strong claim on the humanity of all Christians, and we second his appeal in their behalf; we therefore regret that his Report is likely to do so little for a cause which we feel assured he has deeply at heart. We want not Mr. Blaquiere's historical recollections or his reasonings; we want facts; and had he told us how much the Greeks had achieved,—what remained for them still to do,—what means they possessed,—or what were the dif-

ficulties they had to overcome, we should have been better enabled to judge of the probable result of the struggle; this he has not done, and we must still be left to guess at the real state of the contest, and balance the conflicting statements of the 'Austrian Observer' and 'Spectateur Oriental' of Smyrna with those of the Frankfort or Brussels journals: the two former invariably vindicating the Turks, and the latter manifesting a laudable attachment to the cause of the Greeks,—a cause which we are sorry to find so feebly advocated in the work before us.

We learn, however, that Mr. Blaquiere has documents,—further documents the Greek Committee say, though there is no document in his Report,—to publish; and which, he says, will give such details relative to the actual state of the Greeks as will enable them to negotiate a loan in any of the European capitals. It is due to Mr. Blaquiere to state, that the profits of his Report are to be added to the fund in behalf of the Greeks, which we shall rejoice to find augmented by it, either directly or indirectly.

*Crimes and Horrors in the Interior of Private Madhouses. Parts I. and II. By JOHN MITFORD, Esq. London, 1823.*

MR. MITFORD is either the most wanton and the most malignant libeller that ever had a pair of ears to be cropped; or the private madhouses, of which he gives a description, ought to be rased to the ground, and their keepers punished with the utmost severity, and handed over to the execration of the public; for never did we read such a revolting narrative, as he furnishes, of the scenes transacted in these abodes of misery. Of Mr. Mitford, we certainly do not entertain a favourable opinion; the manner in which he has dragged the names of the unfortunate inmates of the madhouses before the public, must be painful to the feelings of their relations, already wounded by such a family misfortune; and his own account of himself will certainly not excite any prepossessions in his favour; but, unless his statement is a tissue of the most audacious falsehoods, not a moment should be lost in putting an end to a system of crime and cruelty which has not a parallel in the history of misfortune or depravity. If his statements are not true, we wonder how any man can tamely sit under such imputations and direct charges as Mr. Mitford makes against the keeper of some private madhouses in the neighbourhood of London.



Were we not shocked by the account Mr. Mitford gives of respectable females being violated,—of men horse-whipped till their bodies streamed with blood,—and the mass of the most disgusting scenes which he unveils,—we should laugh at the effrontery and nonchalance with which he speaks of himself. It may be necessary to apprise our readers, that the first part of this little work was published anonymously, and that Mr. Mitford, who was some time in Warburton's private madhouse, gives a very circumstantial account of his proper self as of a third person. 'I have,' says he, 'heard his history from his own lips;' and he then insinuates that he was on very good terms with one of the governesses, and that he had a young girl to visit him as a companion. But Mr. Mitford's confessions do not stop here. He tells us, that he was engaged with Lady Percival and an illustrious female, now no more, in writing letters for the public journals, levelled at the Prince Regent and the ministers of state; and that, to do this more securely, he went to Warburton's, where he had an apartment, and did as he pleased; he even confesses, by means of false certificates, to have got released from the navy, and to have received from the admiralty a sum of money on account of a sham illness, which he honestly acknowledges—'if not swindling the Navy Office, was close on board of it.' He says he was often drunk,—that he shammed madness,—that he conspired against the ruler of the kingdom; and he even asserts that a noble lord so far encouraged him as to pay for his abode at Hoxton. He further confesses that he had formerly lauded Warburton for his humanity, but that he had good reasons for doing this, as 'he managed, through Whitmore House, to fleece the navy board of a pretty round sum of money, and to libel the prince and government in security.'

The Macedonian widow appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and we might appeal from Mr. Mitford, the libeller of Warburton, to Mitford the conspirator against his sovereign, did he not in both characters shew himself in a light equally odious. A man capable of doing what he has done, and with the effrontery to avow it, cannot be expected to be scrupulous of what he says of others; and we will honestly confess that we do not think his word worth a rush; but still his statements are so circumstantial that it is evident he is by no means unacquainted with the mad-houses, and it is

difficult to conceive, that if there is no truth in his narrative, why it is not at once refuted. His charges against Dr. Warburton are as distinct as they are serious, and we wonder he has not, ere now, prosecuted the author, printer, and publisher of the work. We are equally surprised that the relations of the parties confined have not instituted an inquiry, and if one thousandth part of what Mr. Mitford says is true, that they have not immediately removed their friends from such a sink of pollution.

In our notice of the 'Sketches in Bedlam' we reprobated the publicity given to the names of the unfortunate victims of insanity; and Mr. Mitford is still more culpable, while his offence is aggravated by the grossness of his details,—so gross, indeed, that we will not soil our pages with transcribing any of them; nor should we have noticed his work, did we not conceive it our duty to call for explanation and inquiry, that the accused may be exculpated or punished. In justice, however, to Dr. Warburton, it is necessary to state, that his establishment has been eulogised in the House of Commons, and that many of his patients are related to individuals who would not for a moment patronize him, did they think him guilty of the charges made against him by the 'sham lunatic,' as Mr. Mitford calls himself.

*A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and adjoining Provinces.* By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MALCOLM, G. C. B.

(Continued from p. 581.)

THE rivalry of the Indian princes, their jealousies and animosities, have rapidly paved the way to European conquest, and dissensions are said to have been sometimes intentionally caused, on the maxim *divide et impera*. It is, however, notorious, that little excitement was necessary to set the native princes at war, when they considered they had wrongs to resent or ambition to gratify; and many are the cruelties which state-policy has caused in India, uninfluenced by the British power. In the memoir of Ameer Khan, Sir John relates a striking and a revolting one, which we shall leave him to narrate in his own easy and unaffected style:—

'After Ameer Khan returned from Nagpoor, and relieved Jeswunt Row and his family from Dherma Kowur, he became the chief actor in a tragedy, in which a good end was obtained by a deed which revolts every feeling of humanity. A reconciliation between the Rajahs of Jeypoor and Joudpoor was an object of just and wise policy; and it suited the views of the Patan chief to pro-

mote its accomplishment. It was proposed, that this should be effected by a double marriage. Jugguth Singh was to espouse the daughter of Maun Singh, and the latter the sister of his rival and enemy. To propitiate these nuptials, it was conceived that the honour of all parties required the death of Kishen Kowur, the Princess of Odeypoor. The question of this sacrifice was agitated when Ameer Khan was at Odeypoor, and that chief urged it strongly on the counselors of the prince, representing the difficulty of establishing peace while the cause of the war existed, and then pointing out the impossibility, without offending the two most powerful Rajpoot rulers in India, of giving his daughter to any other chief. To these he added arguments well-suited to the high, though mistaken, pride of a Rajpoot, regarding the disgrace of having in his family an unmarried daughter. It is stated, and for the honour of human nature let us believe it, that neither arguments nor threats could induce the father to become the executioner of his child, or even to urge her to suicide; but his sister Chand Bhye was gained to the cruel cause of policy, and she presented the chalice to Kishen Kowur, intreating her to save her father, family, and tribe, from the struggles and miseries to which her high birth and evil destiny exposed them. The appeal was not in vain: she drank three poisoned cups, and, before she took the last, which proved instantly fatal, she exclaimed, "This is the marriage to which I was foredoomed." All were acquainted with what was passing in the palace; and the extraordinary beauty and youth of the victim excited a feeling, which was general in a degree that is rare among the inhabitants of India. This account is written from the report of several persons who were on the spot, and they agree in stating that the particulars of Kishen Kowur's death were no sooner spread through the town of Odeypoor than loud lamentations burst from every quarter, and expressions of pity at her fate were mingled with execrations on the weakness and cowardice of those who could purchase safety on such terms. In a short period after this tragical event, the public feeling was again excited by the death of the mother of the princess, who never recovered the shock she received at the first intelligence of the fate of her beautiful and cherished daughter. If it is to the disgrace of the nobility of Odeypoor that one of them (Adjeit Singh, a man of high rank, who possessed unbounded influence over the mind of his prince) proved base enough to act throughout as the instrument of Ameer Khan, the character of this proud race was redeemed by the conduct of Sugwan Singh, chief of Karradur, who, the moment he heard of the proceedings in the palace, hastened from his residence to Odeypoor, and dismounting from a breathless horse, went unceremoniously into the presence of his prince, whom he found seated with several of his ministers in apparent affliction. "Is the princess dead or alive?" was his impatient interrogation: to which, after a short pause, Adjeit Singh replied, by



intreating him "not to disturb the grief of a father for a lost child." The old chief immediately unbuckled his sword, which, with his shield, he laid at the feet of the Maha Rana, saying in a calm but resolute tone:—"My ancestors have served yours for more than thirty generations, and to you I cannot utter what I feel; but these arms shall never more be used in your service. As to you, villain!" he exclaimed, turning to Adjeit Singh, "who have brought this ignominy upon the Rajpoot name, may the curse of a father light upon you! may you die childless!" He retired from the assembly, leaving, according to the account of those that were present, an impression of awe and horror in the minds of all who heard him. Sugwan Singh lived for eight years after this occurrence; but, though he continued in his allegiance, he never could be prevailed upon to resume his arms. The last child of Adjeit Singh died a short time ago, and the event was deemed, by the superstitious Rajpoots, a fulfilment of the curse that had been pronounced upon him. He maintained his influence over the mind of his weak prince till very lately, when he was disgraced, to the joy of the inhabitants of Odeypoor, who continued to consider him as the chief cause of the self-murder of their regretted princess.

Sir John Malcolm has an interesting chapter on the rise, progress, and annihilation of the Pindarries, a horde of daring free-booters, who, at one time, amounted to from twenty to thirty thousand horse, of all descriptions, in Central India. Like swarms of locusts acting from instinct, they destroyed and laid waste whatever province they visited:—

'When they set out on an expedition, they placed themselves under the guidance of one or more chosen leaders, called Lub-birahs, who were selected on account of their knowledge of the country that it was meant to plunder. The Pindarries were neither encumbered by tents nor baggage; each horseman carried a few cakes of bread for his own subsistence, and some feeds of grain for his horse. The party, which usually consisted of two or three thousand good horse, with a proportion of mounted followers, advanced at the rapid rate of forty or fifty miles a-day, neither turning to the right nor left till they arrived at their place of destination. They then divided, and made a sweep of all the cattle and property they could find: committing, at the same time, the most horrid atrocities, and destroying what they could not carry away. They trusted to the secrecy and suddenness of the irruption for avoiding those who guarded the frontiers of the countries they invaded; and, before a force could be brought against them, they were on their return. Their chief strength lay in their being intangible. If pursued, they made marches of extraordinary length (sometimes upwards of sixty miles), by roads almost impracticable for regular troops. If overtaken, they dispers-

ed, and reassembled at an appointed rendezvous; if followed to the country from which they issued, they broke into small parties. Their wealth, their booty, and their families, were scattered over a wide region, in which they found protection amid the mountains, and in the fastnesses belonging to themselves and to those with whom they were either openly or secretly connected; but no where did they present any point of attack; and the defeat of a party, the destruction of one of their cantonments, or the temporary occupation of some of their strong holds, produced no effect, beyond the ruin of an individual freebooter, whose place was instantly supplied by another, generally of more desperate fortune, and therefore more eager for enterprise.'

The extermination of the Pindarries has been one of the achievements of the Marquis of Hastings's administration, to which our author contributed:—

'To drive them from the territories they possessed, to identify with them all who gave them aid or protection, was the only mode by which the great and increasing evil could be remedied. No measures were ever more wisely planned, more vigorously pursued, or more successfully accomplished, than those adopted for their suppression. There remains not a spot in India that a Pindarry can call his home. They have been hunted like wild beasts; numbers have been killed; all have been ruined. Those who adopted their cause have fallen. They were early in the contest shunned like a contagion, and even the villagers whom they so recently oppressed, were among the foremost to attack them. Their principal leaders have either died, submitted, or been made captives; while their followers, with the exception of a few, whom the liberality and consideration of the British government have aided to become industrious, are lost in that population, from whose dregs they originally issued. A minute investigation only can discover these once formidable disturbers, concealed as they now are among the lowest classes, where they are making some amends for past atrocities, by the benefit which is derived from their labour in restoring trade and cultivation. These free-booters had none of the prejudices of caste, for they belonged to all tribes. They never had either the pride of soldiers, of family, or of country, so that they were bound by none of those ties which, among many of the communities of India, assume an almost indestructible character. Other plunderers may arise from distempered times; but, as a body, the Pindarries are so effectually destroyed, that their name is already almost forgotten, though not five years are passed since it spread terror and dismay over all India.'

Sir John Malcolm commences his second volume with a luminous view of the administration of the revenue in Central India, explaining the tenure by which land is held, the nature and extent of the commerce, &c. His se-

cond chapter is devoted to the population, in which he gives an account of the several classes and orders into which the society is divided:—

'The Mahratta ladies of rank may be generally described as deficient in regular beauty, but with soft features, and an expression that marks quickness and intelligence. Though almost all, when called forth, have shewn energy and courage, and some of them great talent, yet it must be confessed, that few classes of high females exhibit more examples of shameless licentiousness than are to be found among these Mahratta Bhyes, or princesses, whom circumstances have freed from the common restraints which the laws of society in India have imposed upon their sex. The poorer Mahratta females are the companions of their husbands in their labours and their dangers; they are generally hard-favoured from constant exposure, and from leading a life of toil and vicissitude. They have the reputation of being faithful wives and good mothers.'

The Charuns, many of whom are merchants, possess great power, which is chiefly derived from an impression that it is certain ruin and destruction to shed their blood or that of any of their families:—

'The Charun, who accompanies travellers likely to be attacked by Rajpoot robbers, when he sees the latter approach, warns them off by holding a dagger in his hand, and if they do not attend to him, he stabs himself in a place that is not mortal, and taking the blood from the wound, throws it at the assailants with imprecations of future woe and ruin. If this has not the desired effect, the wounds are repeated; and in extreme cases, one of the Charun's relations, commonly a female child, or an old woman, is made a sacrifice. The same process is adopted to enforce the payment of a debt to himself, or a claim for which he has become surety. It is not unusual, as the next step, to slay himself; and the catastrophe has been known to close in the voluntary death of his wives and children.'

'The females of the Charuns are distinct from all the other population, both in dress and manners. They often reside in separate villages, and the traveller is surprised to see them come out in their long robes, and attend him for some space, chanting his welcome to their abode. The Charuns are not only treated by the Rajpoots with great respect (the highest rulers of that race rising when one of this class enters or leaves an assembly), but they have more substantial marks of regard. When they engage in trade, lighter duties are collected from them than others. They receive, at all feasts and marriages, presents that are only limited by the ability of the parties. The evil consequences of a Charun being driven to undergo a violent death, can be alone averted by grants of lands and costly gifts to surviving relations; and the Rajpoot chief, whose



guilt is recorded (for all these sacrifices are subjects of rude poems) as the cause of such sacred blood being shed, is fortunate, when he can by any means have his repentance and generosity made part of the legend.

Of the Bheels we are told,—

‘The plundering or wild Bheels, who reside among the hills, are a diminutive and wretched-looking race, whose appearance shews the poverty of their food; but they are nevertheless active and capable of great fatigue. They are professed robbers and thieves, armed with bows and arrows: they lie in wait for the weak and unprotected, while they fly from the strong. Ignorant and superstitious to a degree, they are devoted to their Turwees, whose command is a law which they implicitly obey. The men, and still more the women, have their intellect formed by their condition; they are quick, have a kind of instinctive sense of danger, and are full of art and evasion. To kill another when their Turwee desires, or to suffer death themselves, appears to them equally a matter of indifference. The whole race are illiterate, and they are, without exception, fond of tobacco and liquor to excess. Their quarrels begin and end in drunken bouts; no feud can be stanchd, no crime forgiven, but at a general feast; and here the common and popular fine for every offence is more liquor to protract their riotous enjoyment, which sometimes continues for days. The Bheel women have much influence in the society; but it is a curious fact, that their manners and disposition are in general quite opposite to what has been stated as those of the females of the Pindarries. They never accompany the men in their expeditions, and when prisoners are taken, their principal hope of life is in the known humanity of the women. The latter are usually the first sufferers from the crimes of their fathers and husbands, the women and children (when the men are suspected) being always seized when government can lay hold of them.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène. Journal of the private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.* By the COUNT DE LAS CASES. Parts vii. and viii. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1823.

(Concluded from p. 584.)

COUNT LAS CASES gives some interesting particulars relating to the conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges, as well as of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, which Napoleon sometimes seemed to regret, though he always contended that it was just. The Count says,—

‘To us, in the intimacy of private conversation, the emperor would say, that the blame in France might be ascribed to an excess of zeal in those who surrounded him, or to dark intrigues or private views; that he had been precipitately urged on in this affair; that they had, as it were, taken his

mind unawares; and that his measures had been hastened, and their result anticipated. “I was one day alone,” said he, “I recollect it well; I was taking my coffee, half seated on the table at which I had just dined; when sudden information is brought to me, that a new conspiracy has been discovered. I am warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represent to me that it is time, at last, to give a lesson to those who have been, day after day, conspiring against my life; that this end can only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Duke d'Enghien, who might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and taken in the very act, should be that one. It was added, that he had been seen at Strasburg; that it was even believed that he had been in Paris; and that the plan was, that he should enter France by the east, at the moment of the explosion, whilst the Duke of Berry was disembarking in the west. I should tell you,” observed the emperor, “that I did not even know precisely who the Duke d'Enghien was (the revolution having taken place when I was yet a very young man, and I having never been at court); and that I was quite in the dark as to where he was at that moment. Having been informed on those points, I exclaimed, that if such were the case, the duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Every thing had been foreseen and prepared; the different orders were already drawn up, nothing remained to be done but to sign them, and the fate of the young prince was thus decided. He had been residing for some time past, at a distance of about three leagues from the Rhine, in the States of Baden. Had I been sooner aware of this fact, and of its importance, I should have taken umbrage at it, and should not have suffered the prince to remain so near the frontiers of France; and that circumstance, as it happened, would have saved his life. As for the assertions that were advanced at the time, that I had been strenuously opposed in this affair, and that numerous solicitations had been made to me, they are utterly false, and were only invented to make me appear in a more odious light. The same thing may be said of the various motives that have been ascribed to me; these motives may have existed in the bosoms of those who acted an inferior part on this occasion, and may have guided them in their private views; but my conduct was influenced only by the nature of the fact itself, and the energy of my disposition. Undoubtedly, if I had been informed in time of certain circumstances respecting the opinions of the prince, and his disposition; if, above all, I had seen the letter which he wrote to me, and which, God knows for what reason, was only delivered to me after his death, I should certainly have forgiven him.” It was easy for us to perceive that these expressions of the emperor were dictated by his heart and by nature, and that they were only intended for us; for he would have felt himself much humbled, had he supposed that any body

could think for a moment that he endeavoured to shift the blame upon some other person; or that he condescended to justify himself. And this feeling was carried so far, that when he was speaking to strangers, or dictating on that subject for the public eye, he confined himself to saying that if he had seen the prince's letter, he should perhaps have forgiven him, on account of the great political advantages that he might have derived from so doing; and in tracing with his own hand his last thoughts, which he concludes will be recorded in the present age, and reach posterity, he still pronounces on this subject, which he is aware will be considered the most delicate for his memory, that if he were again placed in the same situation, he should again act in the same manner!! Such was the man, such the stamp of his mind, and the turn of his disposition.

‘Let those who delight in searching the human heart in its innermost recesses, to deduce consequences and draw conclusions, now exercise their ingenuity; I have supplied them with valuable materials, I have laid genuine documents before them. I will add another and a last, which will not be the least worthy of notice.

‘Napoleon one day said to me, with reference to the same subject, “If I occasioned a general consternation by that melancholy event, what an universal feeling of horror would have been produced by another spectacle with which I might have surprised the world!

“I have frequently been offered the lives of those, whose places I filled on the throne, at the rate of one million a-head. They were seen to be my competitors, and it was supposed that I thirsted after their blood; but even if my disposition had been different from what it was, had I been formed to commit crimes, I should have repelled all thoughts of the crime thus proposed to me, as seeming altogether gratuitous. I was then so powerful, so firmly seated; and they seemed so little to be feared! Revert to the periods of Tilsit and Wagram; to my marriage with Maria Louisa; to the state and attitude of Europe! However, in the midst of the crisis of the affair of Georges and Pichegru, when I was assailed by murderers, the moment was thought favourable to tempt me, and the offer was renewed, having for its object the individual, whom public opinion, in England as well as in France, pointed out as chief mover of all these horrible conspiracies. I was at Boulogne, where the bearer of these offers arrived; I took it into my head to ascertain personally the truth and the nature of the proposal. I ordered him to be brought before me.—“Well, sir!” said I, when he appeared.—“Yes, First Consul, we will give him up to you for one million.”—“Sir, I will give you two millions; but on condition that you will bring him alive.”—“Ah! that I could not promise,” said the man, hesitating, and much disconcerted by the tone of my voice and the expression of my looks at that moment.—“Do you then take me for a mere assassin? Know, sir, that though I



may think it necessary to inflict a punishment, or make a great example, I am not disposed to encourage the perfidy of an ambuscade; and I drove him from my presence. Indeed, his mere presence was already too great a contamination."

The eighth and concluding part of the 'Journal of Count Las Cases' relates almost exclusively to his own personal history and adventures, after leaving St. Helena; in which his voyage to Europe, his residence in Germany, and his efforts to obtain some interference of the continental powers on behalf of Napoleon are all very minutely detailed; but, as these are matters of notoriety, we do not think it necessary to dwell on them. The Count passed seven months at the Cape of Good Hope, part of which time he lived at Tigerberg, some eight or ten leagues from Cape Town. He says he found the name of Bonaparte quite familiar there. The most victorious game-cock, the swiftest race-horse, and the most invincible bull were called 'Napoleon.'

This part of the Count's work contains several documents, for one of which we shall find room; it is a letter from the mother of Bonaparte to the Congress, and is as follows:—

*'Madame Mère to the Allied Sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle.'*

"SIRS,—A mother, afflicted beyond all expression, has long cherished the hope that the meeting of your imperial and royal majesties will afford some alleviation of her distress.

"The prolonged captivity of the Emperor Napoleon gives occasion for appealing to you. It is impossible but that your magnanimity, your power, and the recollection of past events, should induce your imperial and royal majesties to interest yourselves for the deliverance of a prince, who has had so great a share in your regard, and even in your friendship.

"Would you suffer to perish, in miserable exile, a sovereign, who, relying on the magnanimity of his enemy, threw himself into his power? My son might have demanded an asylum from the emperor, his father-in-law; he might have consigned himself to the generosity of the Emperor Alexander, of whom he was once the friend; he might have taken refuge with his Prussian Majesty, who, in that case, would, no doubt, have recollected his old alliance. Should England punish him for the confidence which he reposed in her?

"The Emperor Napoleon is no longer to be feared. He is infirm. And even if he were in the full enjoyment of health, and had the means which Providence once placed in his hands, he abhors civil war.

"Sires, I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. Pardon my grief, which prompts me to take the liberty of addressing this letter to your imperial and royal majesties.

"Do not render unavailing the entreaties of a mother who thus appeals against the long series of cruelties that has been exercised towards her son.

"In the name of Him, who is in essence goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat that you will interest yourselves to put a period to my son's misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you who are his lieutenants on earth.

"Reasons of state have their limits; and posterity, which gives immortality, adores, above all things, the generosity of conquerors. I am, &c.

"MADAME MÈRE."

Without asserting that all the details of Count Las Cases's journal are strictly true, we believe it will be admitted that he is an honest narrator, and that his work contains a more interesting and more correct account of Napoleon than any publication that has appeared since his death. Sincerely attached to his master, and entertaining a most enthusiastic admiration of him, he has sometimes detailed very frivolous anecdotes; but when we have met with these, and felt disappointed, we have, perhaps in the next page, found our attention riveted by some interesting anecdote relating to this extraordinary individual, or some remark by him, either on war, politics, princes, or politicians. The Count's journal is defective in arrangement and abounds in repetitions, but this was almost to be expected; as a whole, however, it is a valuable work, and must form the basis of all future memoirs of Napoleon, or histories of the period in which he triumphed and in which he fell.

*The Portfolio: a Collection of Engravings, from Antiquarian, Architectural, and Topographical Subjects; curious Works of Art, &c. By J. and H. S. STORER, Nos. 10, 11, 12.*

WE have more than once borne our testimony to the merits of this really elegant little work, which, at the low price of half a crown, gives eight beautiful engravings with appropriate descriptions. The three numbers before us contain several views of Christ's Hospital, country churches, ancient castles, abbeys, &c. with several relics of antiquity, of a domestic as well as of an antiquarian character. We have hitherto considered this work so exclusively belonging to the fine arts, that we have not paid much attention to the letter-press; but in the last number our attention has been called to a curious engraving of Branca's steam engine, which Mr. Partington, of the London Institution,

who is the author of a valuable work on the steam engine, considers as the earliest attempt to construct this excellent machine. As the subject is curious and interesting we quote Mr. Partington's description of Branca's engine, which is in the form of a letter to the editor.

"Sir—Agreeably to your request I enclose a few particulars which may tend to illustrate the annexed sketch of the earliest attempt to construct a steam engine. The invention of this now stupendous machine has generally been ascribed to the Marquis of Worcester, who, when a prisoner in the Tower of London, observed the effects of the elastic force of steam, by the bursting of a vessel employed in some culinary operation.

"The first edition of 'The Century of Inventions,' which contains an account of the marquis's apparatus, was published in 1663, while the work which contains a description of the simple machine here represented, was published in Rome, in 1629, by Giovanni Branca, entitled 'A new volume of Machines, illustrated with beautiful Figures, with Latin and Italian Descriptions.' This volume is exceedingly rare, and I have only been able to collate two copies; one of which is in the possession of Major Coleby, of the Ordnance Office; and the other was kindly furnished by Michael Faraday, Esq. of the Royal Institution.

"Branca's machine consists of a boiler, with a safety valve, to prevent accidents, which might arise from explosion; a pipe, resembling the spout of a tea kettle, conveys the steam with considerable force against a float wheel, driving it round in rotary direction, whilst a pinion on the same arbor, communicating by means of other wheels is made to give motion to the pestles belonging to two mortars. This, then, I think may really be considered as the origin of this powerful auxiliary to the labours of man; and which, aided as it has been by subsequent improvements, has enabled England to support a proud pre-eminence both in arts and manufactures.

"The steam engine is, unquestionably, one of the most useful, curious, and important machines that has ever been invented; and it is thought, that without the aid of this, or some other engine adapted to the same purpose, we should long ago have been deprived of the benefit of coal fires, as our forefathers, full a century since, had excavated almost all the mines of that valuable substance, as deep as they could be worked without the aid of some engine to draw water from greater depths.

"The power of steam was almost exclusively employed in draining mines, or in raising water, previously to the inventions of Mr. Watt, but, in consequence of his and other improvements, it has, for a series of years, been employed as the first mover of almost every species of machinery.

"Yours, &c.

"CHARLES F. PARTINGTON."



*The Young Countess; a Tale for Youth.*  
By the Author of the 'Blind Child.'  
A new Edition corrected. 12mo. pp.  
284. London, 1823.

HAVING formerly noticed this moral and pleasing tale, we need only observe that in the present edition, several inaccuracies have been corrected, and some judicious alterations made.

*The London Apiarian Guide for Bee Keepers, comprising Practical Instructions to promote Improvement in the Cultivation of Bees. With Engravings.*  
By JOHN MILTON. 8vo.

WHETHER the author of the 'Apiarian Guide,' is a descendant of a certain John Milton, who wrote a book called 'Paradise Lost' or not, we cannot say; but we dare say he knows a great deal more about bees than his great namesake did. Confessing ourselves unskilled in the business of the apiary, and not wishing to provoke a hornet's nest, we dare not venture far into the subject; but the author appears to us not only to know his business, but to possess the talent of explaining it, and we doubt not but his directions are as correct as they are intelligible.

#### MR. BECKFORD'S CRITIQUES AND COMMENTARIES.

IF our readers see daily papers, or peruse those numerous albums—the dead walls of the metropolis, they must know that the Fonthill library is on sale, though all of them may not know that Mr. Beckford, one of the most elegant writers of his day, has enriched many of his volumes with his own remarks, several of which are not a little curious. A copy of 'Walpole's Life of the late Charles James Fox' has, among many other memoranda, the following remarks:—

'Preface 5. That unconquerable propensity to gaming—that disregard of character, for which this distinguished senator and statesman was notorious.

'Page 13. Charles boasted that from his earliest infancy he never failed to do what he had a mind to.

'28. His unpopular conduct at the commencement of his oratorical career resented by the mob.

'Calls Alderman Oliver an assassin; compelled by the alderman to retract his words.

'Moves (in 1772) for the repeal of the act which restrains the marriage of the royal family; this it was observed, came with singular grace and propriety from Mr. Fox, whose father was married at the Fleet; quarrels with Lord North for having hinted that his orations were, in some cases, too figurative; said to have declared he considered advice an insult to his understanding.

'36. Prepares himself for the famous debate on the thirty-nine articles by passing the whole night at the gaming-table.

'59. His taciturnity at the Literary Club in Johnson's presence.

'60. A dip in the Devil's punch-bowl, on the top of a mountain near Killarney, which nearly cost him his life.

'66. Coalition with Lord North, with the man whom he had been in the habit, for eight successive years, of loading with injurious epithets, and whose blood, he had frequently exclaimed, ought to expiate the calamities he had brought upon his country.

'115. Quite at home in the Irish House of Commons.

'119. Visits Gibbon at Lausanne, whose account of this interview appears not perfectly correct; he says, "the people gazed on him as a prodigy;" but the truth is, that in this tour, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Armsted, they were totally neglected by the people of any consideration.

'171. Discovered that Gibbon quoted many books as authority of which he had only read the preface;—disliked this author's florid verbosity, but approved his historic concentration.

'103. His strong French bias:—Burke asserted that the French Revolution had not only shaken all Europe, but Fox's heart into the wrong place.

'234. Not a few glaring inconsistencies pointed out:—He who, in 1805, called for condign punishment on Lord Melville, in 1806 threw every impediment in the way of the investigation of the Marquis Wellesley's conduct. He who exerted all his faculties in condemning the income tax, imposed by Mr. Pitt, became the advocate of the abrupt increase of that tax from six to ten per cent. and was not ashamed to declare, that its operation was to be arrested only when it occasioned a want of the necessaries of life.'

The works of Sir Walter Scott are also enriched with several commentaries, particularly the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

On the ballad called "Sir Patrick Spens," which commences with the verse—

"The King sits in Dumferline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine;  
O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship of mine."

'Mr. Beckford has the following piece of laconic criticism:—

"A stupid ballad."

'The words "magnanimity of James VI." appears in reference to a ballad which contains the following lines:—

"I will not yield to a broken bush,  
Nor yet will I yeld to a briar,  
But I will yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.

"As soon as he knew it was Montgomery  
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;  
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the hande—

"This deed was done at other bourne,  
About the breaking of day;  
Earl Douglas was burnt at the broken bush,  
And the Percy led captive away."

'The next note is not very complimentary to royal dignity,—a very different story; Spottiswood represents the king's majesty as flying down the back stairs with his breeches in his hand, in great haste.

28. 'Heroic Death of Earl Douglas.—"I die like my forefathers (said the expiring hero), in a field of battle, not in a bed of sickness. Conceal my death—defend my standard, and avenge my fall."

287. 'Dreadful superstition leaving a hand unblessed by baptism to urge with keener aim the blood-encrusted spear. This alludes to the lines that follow:—

"Alas that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell;  
That Scottish bard should wake the string,  
Ths triumph of our foes to tell:  
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,  
Have kindled at the thrilling strain,  
That mourn'd their martial father's bier;  
And at the sacred font the priest  
Thro' ages left the master hand unblest,  
To urge with keener pains the blood-encrusted spear."

### Original.

#### TRIP TO THE HIGHLANDS.

##### LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I am one of that numerous class of beings who seem destined to pass the major part of their days within the sound of Bow-bells, but, unwilling to yield to my destiny, I give way to a strong inclination for rational enjoyment, and contrive to escape from the smoke of London for a few days every summer. Whither shall I go this summer? said I to myself—To France? and spend my little savings for the benefit of a people who will laugh at my awkwardness, and give me little credit for my virtues? Is there no place in England, or Scotland, or Wales, or Ireland, in which I can obtain novelty and civility in exchange for my superfluous cash? At any rate, said I, I will try; and I soon determined upon a trip to the north! Accompanied by two friends, I started for Liverpool, and arrived there in little more than thirty hours, having passed through a fine country for the first hundred miles; the other part somewhat barren, excepting here and there a spot of fertility. Liverpool, as regards its works of art, its extensive docks, quays, &c. commands admiration. Having engaged a passage to Greenock, by a steam-vessel, we left the town at high water at nine a. m. on the 15th ult.; we had a magnificent view of the basins, dry docks, and graving docks, which are stupendous works, and, with the exception of those of London, can have no parallel for extent and completeness. Amongst the passengers



were the late Sheriff Williams and part of his family. Mr. W. is an open-hearted Englishman, friendly, without pride, and abounding in anecdote, of which he was not sparing—as the merry countenances on board often testified. In the cabin, passengers are provided with bed and board for 2l. 5s. and those ‘aboard the Fife-rail,’ or in the steerage, 1l. without either; however, as the passage is generally but 26 hours, the company in the steerage is much more respectable than steerage-passengers usually are. We soon found out that *board* is quite an immaterial concern; ‘bed! bed!’ was all the cry;—a little swell of the sea, with the motion of the vessel, occasioned by the steam, soon levelled all classes, scarcely one being left on deck to inhale the sweetening breeze. I weathered it out; not so my friends, who, a few moments before, were laughing to see the old and young walking the deck, some fast, some slow, all with cadaverous cheeks making queer faces; but their turn having arrived they hobbled out of sight. In ten hours we were off the Isle of Man, which is a very pretty island, and we put into Port Douglas, which forms one of its chief ornaments. The town, lying dispersed near the sea shore, is surrounded by land, to all appearance of the most excellent quality, backed by sloping hills covered with excellent pasturage, and in front is ornamented by a handsome stone-pier extending a long way into the sea. Though tea, tobacco, and all exciseable articles are very reasonable here, (tobacco 2s. a pound,) still the smuggler must be active, and one of them was actually turned out of the steam-vessel for selling whiskey to a respectable dissenting clergyman we had on board. We next stopped at Port Patrick. The sea somewhat rough, the night dark, and the vessel suddenly swinging round did not raise the sunken spirits of the passengers; the jirk upset the tables, stools, benches, and other articles, and those below, fearing they were going to Davy’s locker, were not long coming upon deck; but, finding their fears groundless, they retreated to their former abode, *out of the way*. At day light next day, we perceived Craig Ailsa, a rock 940 feet above the level of the sea, and about two miles in circumference, perpendicular on one side, and shelving off to some distance on the other; this rock is nearly 20 miles from shore: so far was I deceived in its distance from the vessel that I really believed it not more than five or six furlongs off, but it proved to be more than eight miles. The sides

of this astonishing craig, the top, bottom, and surrounding sea, were all thronged with birds; such as wild geese, gannets, gulls, wild ducks, and a bountiful sprinkling of game. When we neared the craig, a gun was fired, and off started thousands upon thousands of this mixed assemblage, raising a cloud over and around, which astonished us quite as much I believe as the gun frightened the timid feathered tribe. At six a. m. we cleared the craig, and, steaming up the beautiful Clyde, the scenery surpassed our expectations: the great variety of hill and dale, its cultivated plains, and barren rocks, the mansions peeping through large tracts of wood-land, combined with the extensive waters, rendered it not only interesting, but incomparably beautiful; and this enchanting scenery is heightened by the number of vessels employed in trade, the gentlemen’s pleasure-boats, and the great number of steam-vessels, plying between Greenock and Glasgow, and to various other places near the Clyde, with parties on pleasure.

We arrived at Greenock between twelve and one, p. m. after a good passage of 27 hours. Most of the houses are built of free-stone, and the custom-house on the quay is the handsomest on the coast. The harbour is a good one, and secured by three stone piers. At this place the herring-fishery is carried on to great advantage. On the opposite side is a noble pile of buildings called the Duke of Argyle’s Stables. Steam vessels are constantly passing from Greenock to Glasgow, and we immediately went on board one of them. The Clyde is at this part seven miles broad. A few miles higher up is Port Glasgow, which has an exceedingly neat town, and is within twenty miles of the city of Glasgow. Ships generally unload their cargoes here; as they cannot, from the shallowness of the river, and for fear of small rocks, get higher up; hence the employment of so many steam-vessels, besides lighters and smaller craft, which carry the goods from this place to the city. Nearly opposite is Dumbarton Castle, a beautiful object, surrounded by grand scenery. In the distance we saw the far-famed ‘Ben Lomond,’ a noble towering majestic mountain.

After a three-hours’ passage, we arrived at Glasgow and were landed on the Bromielaw, from the steam-vessel, which moored close to the quay. Our friend the smuggling parson introduced us to an excellent lodging on the first *flat* (not *floor*) of a first-rate house. Our

landlady, according to the injunction of the *pastor*, treated us with good provisions, well aired beds, and ready attendance, for a very moderate remuneration. Glasgow partakes of London for bustle, but the appearance of the houses far surpasses the metropolis of England: scarcely one house in this large and opulent city but of stone; massy walls, most of them a foot and a half thick, which seem destined to endure to the end of time. Here are five different markets excellently supplied with all requisites, but few luxuries. Having no bells in the church steeples, a man plays, every day, on the top of the Old Tolbooth, from two to three in the afternoon, various tunes on bells about as big as those used by London dustmen. The new streets are elegant, and part of some of the old ones are being pulled down to be widened, and as the alleys will necessarily be removed, it is to be hoped better residences will be provided for the poor, who, though very indifferently clothed, seem cheerful and not so much addicted to drunkenness as the poorer orders in London, although liquors and ale are retailed in almost every house. Strangers cannot avoid being struck with the neat manner in which the young women wear their hair, having neither caps nor bonnets, which, to a Londoner, appears as singular as their going without stockings or shoes; the labouring men, however, are well provided with shoes and stockings.

If my narrative prove worthy of a place in your interesting journal, I will trouble you with one or two letters more.

Your’s, &c.

Sept. 12th, 1823.

M.

#### THE FONTHILL MANIA.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Agreeing, as I do most cordially, with your remarks respecting Fonthill Abbey, suggested by the publication of Mr. Britton’s graphic work, you will, perhaps, allow me, as an old correspondent, to make a few observations connected with the same subject.

From beginning to end, the Fonthill business has seemed to me to have been carried on, as far as the public has been concerned, with too much of the tradesman, or rather, perhaps, showman-like spirit; it has been made too much of a shop, and the circumstances attending the whole of the transactions connected with the disposal of this magnificent establishment and its appurtenances will, I am afraid, furnish another plausible reason for the term applied to us by



foreigners,—that we are a nation of shopkeepers.

Last year, when the sale was first announced, the admission, if I recollect rightly, was one guinea for one day, and a famous number of John Bull's guineas must have found their way somewhere. All at once, the place was hermetically sealed, and the sale put off; numberless persons, on their road to it, were disappointed, and put to great expense; but Mr. Farquhar had bought it, and they might travel back, with what feelings he cared not. At first it was thought, by some, that he had bought it for the purpose of residing in it, and that he intended to appropriate the costly and curious articles which formed its furniture and embellishments, to his own use. But another year arrives, and the public at once discovers that he had studied Cocker to better purpose than that; in short, it appeared at once to have been a pounds-shillings-and-pence calculation, and nothing more. Never did Warren or Turner placard a country town more effectually, than the whole of England, within one hundred miles of Fonthill, was placarded on this occasion; and it even looked as if the concern was likely to be a heavy one, for, though we were not told that the things were to be sold at or under prime cost, yet it was stated that any one buying at the sale, to a certain amount, might pay *in good bills*; just as you see at the bottom of one of the Budge Row catalogues of a sale by inch of candle, '*two months prompt*,' which means, that you may pay for goods by bills two months after date. But this year, as it was either thought, or found, that John Bull did not like to pay a guinea a-day for peeping, you were told you might have a ticket for half-a-guinea, to admit on any two days; and, as the aforesaid John likes to take his ease at his inn, lo! Fonthill Abbey was turned into a tavern to accommodate him; beds were to be had there, in a place, with a suitable title for an abbey, viz. a dormitory, and a man might call about him for *boots* and *chambermaid*, with as much freedom as he could at the Bell or the Crown Inn: here, too, were refreshments to be had, and bells were rung and waiters were called, with as much *sang froid* as at the Crown and Anchor. All this might be, and I dare say was, very snug, and 'all that sort of thing,' for the visitors; but, I confess, it did strike me as being exceedingly derogatory to the owner.

Then comes the sale and its heavy-priced and separate catalogues; with, I

believe, catalogues of the library and the pictures. The copyright of these things, in whomsoever it is vested, must be, I should imagine, a valuable matter: and these catalogues, it is to be observed, admit *only to the sale*; so that any unlucky wight, who thinks, by purchasing a catalogue, to get a peep at the grounds, will find himself mistaken; the motto is—'he who peeps must pay.'

The newspapers, in my opinion, have trumpeted forth this thing too much; however, they may have good *sterling* reasons, perhaps, for doing so; and if they have no other reason, the frequent paucity of news will be quite a sufficient excuse for them; for, as breakfast-tables must have newspapers on them, their columns must be filled.

By the bye, Mr. Beckford has just completed a purchase of some land at Bath, upon Lansdowne Hill, I believe, from Captain Gunning, of Losely Park, near Guildford, the house in which park was built by the celebrated Lord Chancellor More. Whether Mr. Beckford intends to wall himself in, as he did at Fonthill, and secretly build another *unique* sort of residence, remains to be proved; it is not at all unlikely but he may.

I am, &c. CROCKERY, JUN.

#### DRAMATIC DISAPPOINTMENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—You are no doubt aware of a practice which our theatrical managers have adopted,—I mean that of advertizing pieces to be represented on a certain night, and afterwards changing them for some other, which, whether of equal or superior merit, cannot but prove a source of considerable disappointment to the persons attending the theatre. The two principal theatres now open have lately given abundant instances of this. The public know, if the managers do not, that considerable reliance is placed on what is given for information in the various newspapers and play-bills respecting the ensuing performances, and many are induced, on the strength of that dependence, to form a party or to come from a considerable distance to town to witness the acting of some favorite piece; judge then, sir, of their disappointment and vexation, when, on arriving at the doors of the theatre, they find that something very different to what they expected is to be performed. No wonder they should leave the play-house, without so much as entering within its walls, and seek for an evening's amusement at one of the minors, where these things are much better managed. Really, till this evil is attended to, we cannot be

surprised to hear of thin houses, even when there are good actors on the stage. Let, then, the managers learn this useful and important lesson,—that in disappointing the public, they are ruining their own interest; and, until they may be depended upon, their utmost exertions can never be crowned with success and admiration. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A LOVER OF THE DRAMA  
AND ITS RIGHTS.

#### Original Poetry.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH;  
OR, THE FUDGE FAMILY AT SEA-BATHING  
QUARTERS.—LETTER III.

Mrs. Fudge to Miss Fudge at G——.

Rothsay, August, 1823.

DEAR Susan, I got your kind letter by post, And write by the Neptune to save you the cost. When you knew your papa had agreed with the boat, To take gratis, all luggage and parcels we've got, It was thoughtless of you, and unlike your good sense, To think of incurring such needless expense. Tho' our money, perhaps, is as *rife's other folks*, Yet why should we throw it away at the cocks; For the steward your letters will carefully bring, If put up in brown paper, and tied with a string, And in taking this plan, you've no reason to feel, For believe me, dear Susan, the *thing's quite genteel*; For all your *first-rates* when they're down on the coast, Never think, for a moment, of writing by post; For me, I would not have wrote you so soon, But your father got notice, just this afternoon, That our kind London friend, Mr. Anthony Blaize, Intends to be with us in two or three days, With some female friends; so I hope, dearest Sue, You'll put out your best foot, and try what you can do. It's really unlucky we chanced to be here, But you'll just do the best that you can with them, dear; And in order to help you as much as I can, I will give a few hints just by way of a plan: With regard to the house,—you've the charge of the keys, So consult your good sense, and just do as you please; But you can't be too kind,—for remember, my dear, What attentions we met when in London last year; That you'll keep this in mind, I make little doubt, And get uncle William to shew them about. He knows all the places, and tho' rather slow, Yet I can't recommend a more sedulous beau; About the high church he'll describe every part, As if he had got the whole '*annuals*' by heart. There's the Museum too, but in taking them there, You'll require to manœuvre with some little care; For I would not, on any account, they should know, That the *lights* of our town stoop to '*keeping a show*;



So you'll send some one up with the money before,\*

To prevent them from finding it out at the door

Only think when his majesty kindly set forth,  
How a *nation of gentlemen lived in the north*,†  
Then judge of our gentlemen's love to the crown,  
When they prove to each stranger, that comes to the town,

By their conduct regarding this *pitiful sum*,  
That their sov'reign's saying, was all a *blaw-flum*‡

When our friends have seen all that's worth seeing in town,  
Entreat them to spare a few days, to come down

And stay with us here, it is well worth their while,

Were it only to take a day's sail round the isle;  
And as you will then have but little to do,  
You can lock up the house, and come down with them too,

As I want your advice; for, my dear, you must know,

That your sister Lucretia has *smitten* a beau,  
And I hope, as the man has got plenty of pelf,  
You'll persuade her to have him, or *take him yourself*.

Your father and I thought the matter all settled,  
But yesterday morning we really got nettled,—  
With a face drench'd in tears, like a new water ily,

She began in a strain so ridiculously silly,  
To whine about feelings, and that kind of stuff,  
Till your father got up, and went off in the *huff*;

How absurd this appears, for she might be aware,

That though *younger* than you, yet she's no time to spare;

But I cannot think what she has got in her nob,

Unless it's that foolish affection for Bob,—  
Him whose merit's confined to his hands and his heels,

In playing the fiddle and dancing quadrilles.  
But there's *some ladies* here who have got as much wit,

As know when and where to make a good hit;  
You'll know who I mean, as it's likely you've heard,

How our neighbour Miss B. has play'd out her card,

And *trump'd* the old *knave*, who lately came here,

From the spoils of the east, with a thousand a-year:

The free easy grace of her *morning* attire,  
Had set the old gentlemen's heart all on fire,

\* Mrs. Fudge is not entitled to the merit of originality in this 'manœuvre' to conceal from her *Southron* friends, the meanness of an *opulent* university, charging two shillings for the inspection of a museum, the munificent donation of *noble minded patriotism*; those 'kindly Scots,' however, who feel their country disgraced by conduct so opposite to the intention of the donor, may as well save their money, as the *beggarly exaction* is already well known to all the traveling population of Europe, and the *meanness* that obstructs the threshold of the edifice is more talked of than the treasures which adorn its interior.

† 'The Scotch are a nation of gentlemen.'  
—GEORGE IV.

‡ FUDGE.

And the sly one observed, though no notice she took,

That the *fish* was beginning to *play* round the hook.

The question was put, and she soon blush'd consent,

Nor gave old *Lothario* time to repent.

Its foolish for folks to stand *humming* and *hawing*;

When the *trout's* on the *line* it is time to be *drawing*;

But you'll see, miss, to what *early* rising hath led,

And what young ladies *lose* that lie *snoring* in bed.

As to ourselves—we've no right to complain,  
But for these three weeks we've been deluged with rain;

Except in the evenings, when it chanced to be fair,

Neither *lady* nor *snail* could get taking the air;  
Not a female was seen, save old Mrs. Guddle,  
Who went waddling along, like a duck thro' the puddle,

To complain to her friends of the *aches* in her bones,

And charm all our ears with her *musical* groans.

But the weather now looks as if t'would be fine,

For the sun, as I write, is beginning to shine,  
And our friend Dr. Guzzle, that's living on Tim,  
Says the glass has got up, but *its eye up with him*.

So wishing you all a pleasant sail here,  
Meantime you'll take care of yourself, like a dear.  
S. FUDGE.

### Fine Arts.

#### BRITTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF FONTHILL.\*

IT is impossible but that this elegant volume should excite considerable interest, both in those who have and those who have not beheld the magnificent pile which it describes. It will enable the former to allay, in some degree, the thirst of excited curiosity, while it will assist the reminiscences of the latter, and serve to keep before them a vivid picture of the gorgeous pageantry of this unique mansion. No single individual has done more for works of graphic embellishment and antiquarian and architectural illustration than Mr. Britton: he has imparted an interest to, and conferred an elegance on works of this description which render them truly gratifying to the eye of taste. He has made the study of our national archi-

\* When we reviewed Mr. Britton's work, last week, we certainly had no intention of re- turning to the subject, but, just at the moment of our paper going to press, we received an article from a *collaborateur*, whose critical talents, particularly on architectural subjects, give great value to his opinions. His critique relates more to the graphic than to the literary part of Mr. Britton's work, though he has not omitted that entirely; we do not think it necessary to suppress what he has said on that subject, but give the article entire.—ED.

itecture familiar and popular, and may well deserve to be considered as having opened a new and delightful path in art. His publications have tended greatly to promote a taste for similar elegancies, and his contemporaries have been much benefitted by his assiduity and zeal.

After acting as the historian and copyist of painting, we know of no office more worthy the art of engraving than that of exhibiting to us faithful transcripts of the nobler productions of architecture, and enabling the individual of polished taste, but moderate fortune, to contemplate at leisure, those scenes of magnificence and splendour, of elegance and embellishment, which are to be found in the mansions of our nobility and opulent gentry. The opportunity of being enabled thus cheaply to acquire models for constant study is invaluable to every artist connected with architectural decoration, and cannot but be highly serviceable to the interests of taste in general. Taste, indeed, is not often called upon to exert its powers in lengthened galleries, but it can exhibit itself to advantage and cause its influence to be felt even on the most contracted scale: beauty of outline, symmetry of proportion, elegance of form, harmony of tints, fascinating distribution of light and shade, a happy arrangement of furniture—these may be displayed upon the most unostentatious and limited scale, and wherever employed, will suffice to characterize the simplest apartment as the abode of elegance. There are beauties, indeed, which a regard to economy will not permit a person of limited fortune to aspire to, but every one may exclude deformity and vulgarity without infringing the dictates of prudence; and taste, even while thus negatively employed, is by no means employed either unworthily or in vain.

The embellishments of the present work consist of twelve plates, exhibiting the principal exterior and interior features of the mansion, but we think that too many of them have been appropriated to the former purpose. In our opinion, at least, the two general views might have been dispensed with. To say the truth, we do not think that the external elevations, whether considered separately, or as forming one grand whole, are particularly conspicuous for beauty. There is no leading style; but, on the contrary, every diversity of our ecclesiastical architecture, from the earliest period of the pointed style to that of its decline and extinc-



tion. Added to this circumstance, there is, besides, a want of congruity and proportion between the different masses of the edifice that is by no means pleasing, or indicative of skill in the architect. If we may rely on the fidelity of the plates, we should say that the details are, for the most part, poor and meagre; the western portion of the building, containing the great hall, must strike every one as being deficient in length compared with its height. It does not convey to the mind the idea of a fine extended perspective bursting on the eye of the visitor as he enters the western portal. We are far from being of opinion that it is a fault to deviate from certain proportions generally adopted, or that we should define the length of a building in proportion to its width,—the altitude of a tower, the height of a basement, with the precision of an act of parliament; these proportions must vary according to circumstances, and be modified according to the particular character aimed at by the architect. We rather despise such Procrustes-like critics, who would rigorously confine an artist within certain prescribed limits, and whose canon of taste seems to be a foot rule. We do not, therefore, quarrel with this feature of Fonthill Abbey because it differs so widely in its proportions from the nave of a cathedral, but because the effect is not pleasing to the eye. It seems deficient in that protracted length so essential to splendid architectural display, and so consonant with the character of the style here employed. Independently of this defect there is a certain nakedness and want of ornament about this part of the structure that may probably be more striking in a print than in the edifice itself. But the architect has been by no means happy in his general forms, and in the outlines of the various masses of the building; nor is the manner in which they are united to the central tower at all pleasing. By adopting a complex and irregular plan, and availing himself of all the latitude which an equal diversity of elevation allowed, the architect has certainly succeeded in producing a considerable picturesqueness of effect. Large unbroken masses of wall contrast rather piquantly with those portions occupied by windows, while the striking difference in the shape and dimensions of these apertures vividly affects the imagination by contrasting the apartments dedicated to pomp and festivity with those devoted to retirement, seclusion, or the humbler domestic purposes of the

establishment. We cannot possibly, within our present limits, touch upon the question as to the propriety of taste in giving to a modern edifice, erected at one time, that diversity of character and irregularity and intricacy of form which are by no means unpleasing when the spectator is satisfied that the whole has been the result of successive additions and alterations. By so doing, the architect has certainly cut at once a gordian knot, and, by confining himself neither to regularity of plan nor homogeneity of character, has at once escaped from a host of difficulties. Indeed, we should almost conjecture that the architect did not work according to any settled plan or general design, but having finished one portion of the structure proceeded with another, without giving himself the least trouble how far it accorded or not with the other features, or as to the abrupt contrast which it might present.

The subjects illustrative of the interior of the pile, are the Hall, the Octagon, King Edward's Gallery, and that of St. Michael. The former of these we are as little disposed to admire internally, as when viewed from without. There is a want of finish and richness very apparent in it: the form of the roof is by no means elegant or pleasing, independently of the poor effect occasioned by a want of a greater number of arches, which circumstance is owing to its contracted length. The engraving, too, is executed in a heavy disagreeable style, without much taste or feeling. The octagon is far superior in every respect; but our favourite subject is the view of King Edward's Gallery, a fine apartment, exhibited in a very interesting manner. Although little more than an outline, and, consequently, aided neither by the magic of light and shade, nor the lustre and harmony of rich colouring, the eye rests perfectly satisfied with mere form, and imagination fills up the glories of the scene. Precision, truth of outline, accuracy of perspective, and delicacy of drawing, characterize this subject. Gorgeous as this apartment is in many respects, and rich as are its embellishments, there prevails throughout a certain chastity and simplicity of decoration, and a nobleness in the style of its ornaments and furniture, that bespeaks a truly classic taste. The simple style of its long draperies (so different from the fantastic coquettish contortions which we sometimes see given to the curtains of a modish upholsterer), the lengthened range of its lofty tapers (so unlike the dazzling

garishness of a drop chandelier), the antique form of the massive furniture, all impart a character of solemn dignified grandeur and of quiescent magnificence to the scene, that we hardly dare expect to meet elsewhere. Add to these circumstances the impressive effect of the broad mass of mysterious shadow, in which some portion of the vista is involved, and through which the eye pierces to the distant oratory,—and we have a perspective of unequalled effect, possessing every requisite to satisfy either the eye of the painter or the imagination of the poet. When we consider the moderate price of the work, we feel that the author has by no means been a niggard of his embellishments, but our raised curiosity makes us regard them as doled out by a stinting hand, and we regret exceedingly, that we are not here permitted to approach the shrine more nearly; in other words, that Mr. B. has given us no view of this splendid oratory and its unique decorations. St. Michael's Gallery, in a line with the preceding—occupying the south branch of the cross, as that of King Edward does the northern one,—is exhibited in a coloured plate, or, rather, two coloured plates, the window on the left hand, in the general view, being shown more at large in a separate plate. These engravings being coloured, enable us to form some idea of the effect of the rich stained glass, but we do not think that they are executed in a superior style, especially the former, which, in the copy before us, looks dull and muddy. As we here see only the extremity of this apartment, and as the window exhibited separately is shown here also, we cannot but regret that the plate, appropriated to this latter subject, had been employed to give a view of the gallery in its whole extent, looking the contrary way.

The letter-press is chiefly descriptive: but we could have wished that the author had favoured us more with original remark and comment; which we should have preferred to the somewhat irrelevant matter which he occasionally introduces. Besides a preface, we have an 'address to the subscribers,' and another to J. Broadley, Esq. which latter, by the bye, seems intended as a kind of dedication, although the author, rather affectedly, we think, employs the former appellation. This is too much in the style of Mr. Irving, who disdains to preach any thing so common-place as sermons, and, therefore, gives us 'orations' and arguments.

On the whole, we have been much



gratified by this publication, notwithstanding that it presents us with but a partial view of the interior splendours of this astonishing edifice; but completely to illustrate Fonthill would require volume after volume; we are, therefore, neither surprised nor displeased to find, that others are employed upon the same subject. We doubt not, but that there will be room for a third, or even a fourth illustrator, who might supply the omissions of his predecessors, and thus, from various sources, we should obtain that information and those graphic illustrations requisite fully to display the many beauties of the structure, but too numerous either to be comprised within one single work of moderate extent, or to be offered at a price likely to suit every purchaser.

#### TWENTY ENGRAVINGS

*Of Lions, Tigers, Panthers, and Leopards.*  
MR. THOMAS LANDSEER.

IN the absence of the *bon ton* from the metropolis, we can no longer hope to gratify the polite reader with novelties in the department of the fine arts. This paper will probably find many of its readers either revelling in the beauties of autumn scenery, or at least, little thinking of the town that is now empty; and, with them, novelty seems to have slipped into the country, to draw new vigour from the beauties of nature,—‘to meet the sun upon the upland land, or pore upon the brook that bubbles by.’ We shall not, therefore, search after those exhibitions of the fine arts that can only be seen in the metropolis, but most willingly notice the work mentioned at the head of this article, which is a moveable exhibition; and which, as Cicero says, ‘nobiscum rusticetur,’ may travel with us into the country. The work is made of delineations of the noblest part of the savage creation,—the lion, the panther, the tiger, and leopard; and if those that we may see in the menagerie at Exeter Change be fair specimens of these noble brutes, in their natural state, the artist before us has been most eminently successful; for we have taken the trouble to compare some of the engravings with the real animals, and their character and spirit is exquisitely embodied in the engravings: indeed, we will hazard a bold conjecture, that the representation of the ‘Tigress,’ No. 10, was taken from that in Exeter Change: either we are right, or we were never so agreeably deceived before.—The work is intended not only to delineate the physiognomy and characteristic appearance of the ani-

mals, but also to give an idea of their local manners and ferocious habits. Those that are not taken from life are copies from the most eminent masters, ameliorated in some parts, as the essay describing them informs us, by a comparison with nature. Reubens, Reyndinger, and other highly-reputed masters contribute to this collection, and we can heartily congratulate Mr. Thomas Landseer, on having produced what is in no wise unworthy to be placed in comparison with such masterpieces. The descriptive part, which is said to be the performance of Mr. J. Landseer, is informing and interesting, inasmuch as we shall find many facts which we knew not before, and many anecdotes which cannot but amuse:—but we are sorry to add, that the style in which both anecdotes and history are wrapped up, is harsh and affected: and were it not that much information as well as pleasure may be derived from it, the essay would certainly displease:—we can only say to the writer, he has the happy knack of spoiling much good observation and interesting anecdote.—But to return to the engravings, we must first notice No. 3, ‘Lions,’ by Reubens. We know not which most to admire, the painter or the engraver, for the one is worthy of the other—the animals are spirited, characteristic, and finely engraved. No. 6, ‘a Contending Group,’ after nature, is, we are told, from the pencil of Mr. E. Landseer, and engraved by his brother. The life of this is striking, and the animated position of the savage animals gives a lively idea of their ferocity, strength, and activity: in this, as in the former piece, both painter and engraver are under mutual obligations: both are strikingly excellent. We must pass over several, and come to No. 9,—‘a Lion and Tiger.’ This is decidedly inferior to many of the others in the design: the engraving does not please; but that may arise from the failure in the representation, for we must certainly call this a failure, in comparison with the rest.—We hasten to notice what we certainly consider Mr. Landseer’s chef-d’œuvre—No. 10, a ‘Tigress from Nature.’ This we have mentioned above as most naturally beautiful. The angry roll of the eye, the snarling contraction of the jaws, the position of the front legs, and attitude of the whole figure, bespeak, with the most natural and spirited exactness, the peculiar ferocity of an angry tigress. Those who have ever seen a tigress in her natural state will fully feel the characteristic boldness of the delineation.

To our unqualified admiration of almost the whole of this collection, but more especially of the last-named piece, we will add the assurance of a friend of ours, that they are spiritedly natural; of whose opportunity of judging from experience the reader may learn from the following accident, which shall close our remarks. He, with a party of young men, was returning from hunting in the East Indies; they all had their guns with them and bayonets, as usual, when a tigress sprung from a thicket, and seized by the middle one of the party: the young man had courage to hold fast his gun, while carried rapidly away in the mouth of the tigress; and, as he was not crushed in a way to cause death, he managed to unscrew the bayonet from his gun, with which, as he was being hurried off, he stabbed the tigress. She fell, and thus gave his comrades time to come up and dispatch the wounded beast; the young man, though much mangled, recovered of his wounds entirely, without injury.

#### The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Hit or Miss*, with the new feature by Mathews, has proved a hit for the theatre, and, in spite of our squeamishness as to slang and vulgarity, Dick Cypher has been as attractive a character as he has performed this season. It has been played every other night since it was revived. On Monday, the manager re-produced George Colman’s admirable farce, the *Review, or the Wags of Windsor*. When the farce was first brought out, it was singularly fortunate in the actors to whom the three principal characters were assigned: our old friend Jack Johnstone was the original Looney Mackwelter; and the Yorkshireman and Parish Clerk found equally able representatives in Emery and Fawcett. On its revival here, great dependence was placed on the Caleb Quotem of Mathews, nor was it all misplaced. Such a varied expression, voice, and action, did he give to the character, that he seemed to have as many different persons as professions. His introduction of the volunteer and the sham fight, from one of his ‘at homes,’ was a felicitous embellishment, which was loudly encored; Rayner’s John Lump was all that could be wished—we should really hesitate in pronouncing it inferior to Emery’s. The other characters were well played.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—We have had some revivals, but no novelty, at



this theatre. Madame Vestris has again assumed her masculine habit, and played Macheath, and no woman can play it better; but it is not a woman's part, and, ere long, we shall find the public disgusted with these indecent transmogrifications of sexes. Terry and Williams were good in Peachum and Lockett, and Mrs. Jones was an excellent Lucy, though astout one. Here our praise must cease, and with it our criticism, for the season is now too near its close to expect amendment, or we might point out some points for improvement.

**MINOR THEATRES.**—Never since we knew the inside of a theatre were the minor playhouses of the metropolis more wretchedly managed than at present. Astley's Amphitheatre has closed, and all the rest are 'leather and punella,' where children can scarcely be pleased, and those of mature age must be disgusted.

#### MR. GRAHAM'S SECOND ASCENT.

In our last we stated that Mr. Graham had determined on an ascent from White Conduit Tea Gardens, the scene of a former failure; and the intrepid aeronaut may, after his second adventure, say or sing as he pleases, 'There's nae luck about the house.' On Friday a large concourse of people were assembled to witness his second ascent. Three o'clock was the hour, and by five the balloon was filled; but, on suspending it, in order to attach the car, a large rent was made in the linen, of which it is formed, three feet long. The gas escaped rapidly, but Mr. Graham, determined rather to hazard his own life than disappoint a mob who make no allowance for unavoidable failure, mounted the car—the ropes were cut, and he sailed in the air. Nothing could be more majestic than his ascent, but the gas now escaped so rapidly, that, when he had proceeded about half a mile, he descended in Barnsbury Park, without suffering any injury. Mr. Graham proves himself an intrepid, and we hope not an unskilful aeronaut, but his balloon is too large and too heavy, and although common gas is not so buoyant as that which was formerly used in charging balloons, yet it does not require 20,000 cubic feet of any gas to bear the weight of one individual.

#### Literature and Science.

'The Loves of the Devils, the Rape of the Lips, and other Poems,' by S. Baruh, is in the press.

**Volcanic Eruption.**—Accounts from Iceland, of the 16th of August, say that the volcano at Kollergean, in that island, which had been quiet 68 years, made a terrible

eruption on the 26th of July last, accompanied by an earthquake; enormous blocks of ice were detached from the summit of the mountain; a great extent of country was laid waste, but fortunately no lives were lost. There were three distinct eruptions, each very violent.

Professor A.W. Schlegel, of the university of Bonn, whose Lectures on Dramatic Literature are so much admired in this country, and whose beautiful translation of Shakespeare into German has naturalized our immortal bard throughout all the North of Europe, has just arrived in London. Mr. Schlegel has been for several years engaged in philological researches, and his principal object in visiting this country, is the inspection of the Oriental Library of the East India Company, which is particularly rich in Sanscrit Literature. M. Schlegel is allowed to be one of the first Oriental scholars now in Europe, and he is understood to have been enabled, by his intimacy with Sanscrit, to throw great light on that curious subject, the Origin and Progress of Language.

William Roscoe, Esq., has presented Mr. Wiffen, the Quaker poet, with a beautiful original painting of Tasso, from which an engraving will be made for Mr. W.'s forthcoming work.

The apartment occupied by the celebrated Lawrence Sterne, at Dessin's Hotel, at Calais, during the time he wrote his 'Sentimental Journey,' remains as it was originally, and there is written on the door, 'This is Sterne's room.'

**Blumenbach on Irritability of the Tongue.**—I had the tongue of a four-year old ox, which had been killed in the common way, by opening the large vessels of the neck, cut out in my presence while yet warm, and at the same time the heart, in order that I might compare the oscillatory motion of this organ, which is by far the most irritable that we are acquainted with, with the motion of the tongue; and, when I excited both viscera at the same time, by the same mechanical stimuli, namely incisions with a knife and pricks of a needle, the divided tongue appeared to all the bystanders to survive the heart more than seven minutes, and to retain the oscillation of its fibres altogether for a quarter of an hour; and so vivid were the movements when I cut across the fore part of the tongue, that the butcher's wife compared them to those of an eel in similar condition, quite in the way that Ovid has compared them to the motions of the tail of a mutilated snake.

**Lithography.**—One of the neatest specimens of lithography, on a small scale, we have seen, has just appeared: it is a map of the River Thames, from London to Margate, by Mr. Charles M. Willich, who, we understand, has rendered this art another service in obtaining a reduction in the duty on German lithographic-stones imported into this country, from 20s. to 30s. per cent. The map contains all the prominent objects and places in this little voyage, and also shows the roads, and the bearings of Canterbury and Dover.

**Curiosities at Woolwich.**—Among the models in the Rotunda, at Woolwich, is one of the Sea Horse frigate, formed from the mast of L'Orient, and is supposed to be the adjoining piece to that from which the coffin of the brave Lord Nelson was made. There is also a noble representation, on an extensive scale, of Quebec and the Heights of Abraham: a small stone, picked up from the spot where the gallant Wolfe fell, marks the precise situation of the place where that event took place. These, with some others, were much prized by his late majesty.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Exile,' 'Sensibility,' and 'Anglicanus,' in our next.

E.'s tribute to the memory of Bloomfield is creditable to the talents of a youth; but we think, in a short time, he will do much better, and should prefer his matured to his juvenile efforts.

We dare not promise E. R. and L. P. insertion.

Mr. Levien's poem is under consideration, and some of his former favours are intended for insertion.

This day was published, in royal 4to. price £1 11s. 6d. boards.

**AN ESSAY on the HISTORY and THEORY of MUSIC;** and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice.

By J. NATHAN,

Author of the 'Hebrew Melodies,' &c.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, London.

The reviewer of musical publications in 'La Belle Assemblée' for the present month, speaking of Mr. Nathan's work, says,—"While he has rendered his Essay an invaluable assistant to the professor, the general interspersions of anecdote is so judicious, that it is no less calculated for the perusal of juvenile students, and must be read even by those unacquainted with the science with interest and delight."—July, 1823.

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Leith: printed for the Author, and sold by J. Barnett; Oliver and Boyd; J. Anderson, Jun., &c. Edinburgh; and by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; and G. and W. B. Whittaker, London.

'The first part is chiefly introductory, and contains a few sketches of the treatment and professional education of a boy in a merchant vessel; the second and third are composed of prison scenes; and, in the fourth, is given some account of the disasters which befel his Majesty's ship Brunswick, in the beginning of 1809, when detained by ice, in the Cattegat.'—Preface.

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